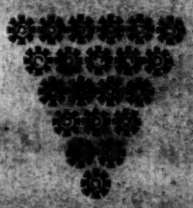
MANLIUS,

OR, THE

BRAVE ADVENTURER.

A POETICAL NOVEL.

Nec Rebus cedit arduis.



EDINBURGH:

Printed by *Donald Murchieſon*, for *Fergus Philabeg*, near the *Royal Exchange*. 1749.

[Price One Shilling.]

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ARMS and the Man renown'd, who laſt from Rome
Attended with his ſeven ſteady Friends
On Scotia's forbidden Coaſt did land
In ſearch of Glory, to retrieve the Crown
Wreſted unjuſtly from his Grandſire's Brow,
I ſing, if thou, *Calliope*, will ſmile
On my Attempt, and help me to purſue
Th' arduous Taſk, and tell how *MANLIUS* ſtrove
In Fortune adverſe 'gainſt his cruel Fate.
But firſt vouchſafe, O lovely Muſe, to trace
The Subject higher; ſay, why exil'd from

Their native Shore his Predeceſſors ſtray'd
Thro' foreign Climes for fifty Years and more?
What heinous Crime deſerv'd this heavy Doom,
Entail'd from Fathers to ſucceeding Heirs?
What Attribute of God or holy Rite
Had they profan'd or trampl'd on with Scorn,
That the celeſtial Ire ſhould thus purſue
The *Troyan* Race to the *Lavinian* Shore?
But theſe are Deeds permitted and allow'd
By *Jove* himſelf, who can in proper Time
Revoke their Sentence and recall them Home.
So let me not tranſgreſs by prying far
Into the Views and latent Springs of Fate,
Which acts in concert with the Will Divine,
And diſappoints the vain Attempts of Man
By ſecret Engines hid from human Eyes.
Mean time my Song ſhall flow in *MANLIUS'* Praiſe,
If thou, fair Muſe, wilt utterance beſtow,
And touch my Lips with thy poetic Fire.
Scarcely had *MANLIUS* laid his Coral by,
And left off dandling on his Mother's Knee,

When

When he a Taſte for Exerciſe betray'd.
His active Soul bent on each noble Deed
Averſe to Pleaſures, eaſe enervating,
Early the Stock proclaim'd from which he ſprung,
And ſhew'd the *Prince* and *Hero* in the Boy.

His *Royal* Father, ſtill compos'd and great
In Fortune adverſe, taught him to be wiſe,
And not to ſink beneath the Frowns of Fate;
But view, tho' diſtant, the approaching Pomp,
The *Reſtoration* of his Family leas'd,
Too long in Baniſhment, remote from Friends,
And forc'd to aſk Protection from the Foe.

The docile Youth, who with maternal Milk
Imbib'd the Principles of Virtue, which
Leads on to Glory, and true Honour gains,
Obſerv'd the Counſel ſage, ſtor'd in his Heart
The wholeſome Precepts of his God-like Sire.

Cordatus, vers'd in Arts and myſtick Books,
Temper'd his Mind with Sciences divine,
Taught him to tread in Virtue's mazy Path,
To ſhun the Snares to which ſoft Pleaſure lures,

Timely he train'd the *Hero* up to Arms,
To Abſtinence, to Patience long in Toil;
The fiery Courſer, and the ſportive Hound
Became the early Paſtime of the Boy,
When he from Study would the Mind unbend.

Mean while the Youth, ſcarce ripen'd into Man,
Courts Dangers eminent in the martial Field.
Witneſs *Gaeta* where he fearleſs ſaw,
Like *Atlas* unmoved, on every Side
A diſmal Carnage dreadful to behold.
Fir'd with Ambition laudable of Sway,
Soon dreams of Empires, Sceptres, and of Crowns,
The ſtrong Preſages of his future R—n.
Now he revolves the rigid and forlorn
State of his Father, whom, tho' good and great,
His cruel Deſtiny chas'd from Shore to Shore,
Too long deny'd to foot his native Soil.
At laſt the grand, the deep Deſign was laid
Of reinſtating in its priſtine Glore
B—s Throne the ancient Seat of Kings,
A Series long of the *Lochabrian* Line;

But

But now u——, fill'd with an i——s Race,
Groaning beneath the f——n Load it bears,
Invites at length our *Hero* to its Aid.

Forth with young *MANLIUS*, emulous of renown,
For Glory thirsting, Chevalry and Arms,
Obeys the Call, but first consults his Sire,
On whose Experience often he rely'd,
And thus to him his noble Thoughts displays.

Pardon, O *King*, the Rashness of thy Son,
' If I too soon aspire your —— Cause
' To vindicate, and to redress our Wrongs,
' I can no longer set to view the *Isle*,
' Which gave you birth, and by Birthright your due,
' Rul'd by ——, and become a Prey
' To Al——ns, who tr——le on the Laws
' Of God and Man, sway with an Iron Rod,
' Corrupt the Lieges and oppress our Friends,
' Rather attempt to save the sinking State
' In conjunct with the *Northern Clans of War*,
' Train'd up to Arms, to Hardships from their Youth,
' The bold Assertors of their *Liberty*;

' Whom

'Whom neither Vice nor Luxury unman'd,
'Nor Bribes nor Threats could ever lead astray
'From their Allegiance to their L——, and.
'These loudly call to Arms, let us obey
'And truſt the Event to all-ſeeing Jove.
'If to Deſtruction Heav'n our Country doom'd
'Irretrievable by the Prowels of Man,
'Let me be buried in the common Wreck,
'Rather than live in ſedentary Eaſe
'To ſee't at laſt in diſmal Ruin laid.
The Monarch, ſeated on a Sofa high,
In Majeſty refulgent tho' not thron'd,
Heard with Attention the aſpiring Youth,
And in his Turn did briefly thus reply.
'Your Sentiments, my Son, deſerve Applauſe,
'And indicate the Greatneſs of your Soul;
'But thou'rt a Stranger to th' Inconſtancy,
'Th' Infatuation of ungrateful Sons,
'Whoſe ſtubborn Souls nought but Correction tames;
'Inur'd to live in Thraldom and in Chains
'They bear a Yoke too grievous to be born,

'And

' And kiſs the Rod with which they're moſt chaſtis'd.
' Mean while, ſince thou of War the Fate would try
' OUR RIGHT to wreſt from the usurpers Hand,
' I cheerfully do give Thee my Conſent.
' Go on and proſper, trace the noble Steps
' Of thy ANCESTORS, whom true Valour rais'd
' Unto a Throne, where they with Juſtice rul'd,
' Tho' now the Seat of Tyranny and Vice,
' Too long polluted by Germanick Sway.
' But, O my Son, whether Proſperity
' Thy *Enterprize* or dire Miſchance attend;
' Whether thy Foes in Multitudes increaſe,
' Or Boſom-friends thy Royal Cauſe betray,
' An equal Mind in different Fortunes bear.
' Be not elated when you have ſubdu'd
' The Wretch, perhaps whom blindneſs hurry'd on
' To hurt your Intereſt, and oppoſe your Arms;
' Each Man his Byas has, and ſome purſue
' Thro' Ignorance, for ſome ſiniſter End,
' Views inconſiſtent with the Common-weal,
' In Oppoſition to the Law Divine.

' Let Moderation 'tend your conquering Sword,
' And never treat the vanquiſhed with Scorn;
' Him rather ſtrive by Lenity to win,
' And by Forgiveneſs to become your Friend.
' Bleſt with Succeſs, with Wreaths of Laurel crown'd,
' Be vigilant, but never too ſecure;
' Nor truſt too much of Fleſh th' unſteady Arm,
' Vain Inſtrument without the Aid of Jove.
So ſpoke the *King*, and MANLIUS' Boſom glow'd
His Valour in the Field to ſignalize:
The Deeds immortal of his *ancient Race*,
Renown'd in Arms, did croud upon his Mind,
And to the Enterprize the *Hero* prompt.
But filial Duty, and the parting Kiſs
Of his fond Parent, ever dutiful
Th' aſpiring MANLIUS melted into Tears
Pious, which flow'd in limpid Streams along
His graceful Cheeks, in uttering Adieu.
Yet *Jove*'s beheſts behoov'd him to obey,
And leave *Italia*'s tepid ſpicey Plains
In queſt of Glory in a frozen Clime

Remote from *Phœbus* at the Arctick Pole,

But haſte, my Muſe, paſs o'er the rugged Alps;
Leave *Gallia*'s Plains and Fields enamelled
With varigated Vines, th' enlivening Grape,
That 'wakes to noble Deeds the dormant Soul;
Omit in Silence, as a Subject trite,
The *Gallick* Truſt, name not their Punic Faith,
Let theſe Reflections be another's Theme,
Bring Thou the *Hero* to the oozy Main.

The Winds prove fair, and jovial Sailors throng
From Stem to Stern, innumerable croud
To the unſkill'd in maritime Affairs
Seeming confus'd, but vers'd to tug the Oar,
Pull, hale and ſtretch the Tarry hempen Cords.
Theſe Sons of Neptune, joyous to eſcort
Britannia's Hope to longing *Iberia*'s Shore,
Rend with their hollowing and exulting Cries
Of Heaven the wide Concave, which now reſounds
In grateful Echo's their repeated Noiſe.
Anchors a-peek, the Pilot takes the Helm,
And whiten'd Sheets are looſen'd to the Winds;

The gentle Zephyrs, glad to waft him o'er,
Their Breaths unite to fill th' expanded Sails
Aloft suspended on the stately Pine,
Once of the Forest *Norway* in the Pride
Or fell'd perhaps in *Nova Scotia*'s Plains;
The carved Prow of *Jove*'s old sacred Tree
Stemming the Tide, and tending to the Pole
Septentrional, divides the foaming Flood,
And leaves a Furrow deep impress'd behind.
Now *Gr—tt—n*'s Coast does seem to fly astern,
To which with chearful Hearts they bid Adieu;
The boundless Seas and circumambient Air
Become the Horizon on either Side.
MANLIUS beholds the Wonders of the Deep;
The Leviathan of enormous Size,
And greatest Monster of the finny World,
Whales, Porpoises, and Dolphins skip along
Greeting *the future Master of the Seas*.
At length the cloud-topt Hills (*Hibernia* high)
The Heav'n-menacing Isle of *Al—n*'s Coast,
As yet distanc'd, of azure Dye appear

To

To MANLIUS exploring for the Land.

'What Rocks immenſe, ſaid he, impervious
'By Man, by Beaſt, unhabitable Wilds
'Bearing a-head and jutting to the Sea,
'I ſee! and naked Hills, loft' as the Alps,
'Whoſe ſnowy Caps diſdain the ſolar Heat
'Of the Æſtival Solſtice, or Dog Days,
'And Summits high ſupport th' impending Clouds,
'And ſcorn Hybernal Storms and bleakeſt Winds,
'Nor dread the Tempeſt of the Boreal Gale!
To whom *Atholius*, conſtant to the laſt,
Of Counſellors the faithfulleſt reply'd:
'Between theſe ſnowy Hills extended wide
'Lie Valleys brows'd upon by Herds, both tame
'And wild, innumerable on the Strand,
'Or flow'ry Banks of a well peopl'd Stream
'By finny Shoals of Fiſh of diverſe Kind,
'Which turbulently rolls towards the Sea,
'And lulls th' enchanted Shepherdeſs to reſt.
'In yon low Glens, where Phœbus' kindly Rays

'Seldom infuse their generating Warmth;
'Live hardy *Highlanders* inur'd to cold,
'And exercise of Manhood in the Field,
'Where sportive Greyhounds eager on their Prey
'Pursue the stately Hind or skipping Roe:
'*Clans* whose Attachment to *your House* is known
'In Opposition to the Brunswick Line;
'A Scourge which Heaven in ire sent to this Isle
'For banish'd Princes and beheaded Kings.'

Mean time the Vessel to her Moorings came,
Where Promontories curv'd on either Side
Repell the Waves impetuous to the Main,
And form to Mariners a friendly Bay,
A safe Retreat, when *Neptune* fiercely storms,
Under a Rock stupendous, which defends
The weary'd Sailors from inclement Blasts
Of Boreas, and other boisterous Winds.

Forthwith propaling Fame, glad to resound
The grateful News, thro' Hills and Dales proclaim'd
Aloud, that MANLIUS *was happily arriv'd*;
Around whose Standard, white Emblem of Peace,

From

From distant Vales flock'd *Loyal Mountaineers*,
Some Thousands strong, the Terror and the Bane
Of lawless Power, who oftentimes had shook
Wide from its Basis, that by tyranny
Supported was, the Brunswick Government.
Amongst the first *Lochiel* and *Lovatus* with his Train
Embattl'd strong, a daring warlike Host,
And of the *Clans* faithful the best prepar'd,
Stood up in Arms accouter'd for the Fight,
To die intrepidly, or be
With Laurels crown'd and gain immortal Praise.
Kepphoch, whose Praise shall grace all future Lays
Of Bards unborn, magnanimous and mild,
With his Battalion ready for the Fray,
And En'mies sworn to the usurping Race
Of the Guelph Line, did early take the Field.
Clanronald next and *Cluny* join their Bands
Invincible, with the *Stuarts* of *Appin*;
Glengyle, *Glengary*, *Athole's* warlike Troops,
Macinnon constant, of *Grimsha* the *Grants*,
With a few more undoubted *Chiefs* unite

In

In Heart and Hand, did join young MANLIUS,
Come to demand th' Assistance of the *Clans*
Loyal, his *Right Paternal* to redeem
From *German* Power, and place upon the *Throne*
Of *Albion*, recall'd from his Exile,
The banish'd *Stuart*, and in his Hand infix
The *Sceptre Regal*, which his Grandsires sway'd.

Now the shrill Pipes, not taught by studied Art,
But Nature's Book, in different *Corps* alarm
The *willing Chiefs* attentive to the Sound
Grateful, which bid them meet the approaching Foe,
That march array'd resolv'd to overthrow,
The growing Force of MANLIUS unawares,
And disappoint the Expectation long
Of EDINA, which mourn'd aloof of Courts
Splendid the loss, and feelingly complain'd,
In bitter Anguish, of the long Delay
Of *Stuarts* return to their *paternal Land*.

Forthwith the *Clans*, teeming with Hopes to meet
Their Enemies, in diverse Columns move
Towards the South, and gather in their Way

New

New Strength, tho' ſtill inferior to the Bands
Of the Usurper, fully bent to try
The Fate of War; the Juſtneſs of their Cauſe
Did animate the daring, tho' thin, Hoſt
To noble Deeds, nor Numbers dreaded they
Superior of Horſes harneſſed,
Nor Infantry for Battle fell prepar'd.
MANLIUS at length at EDINA arriv'd,
Which he in awful Terms, but not ſevere,
Summon'd to open wide its bolted Valves,
And give Admittance to his *faithful Friends.*
Now Lorn was landed on the eaſtern Shore,
Four thouſand Strong; and MANLIUS to Arms
Invites the *Clans*, who ready to obey
Their LEADER's call, march joyous to the Field
Of Glad*muir*, where encamp'd ſtood, aray'd
For the Onſet, the mighty Hoſt of George,
Which to their Numbers, not the Aid of Jove,
The Event truſted of th' approaching Day.
But Night, her ſable Curtains drawing o'er
The Face of Heav'n, oblig'd the *Clans*

To wait the Morn, tho' eager to engage
In bloody Fight, and on the mossy Ground
Repose, till *Eous* usher'd in the Day;
When MANLIUS, accouter'd early, spoke
Thus to the *Clans* attentive to observe
Submissively his Word, his Wink, his Nod.

'Arise, my Friends, make ready to engage,
'The dawning Day invites us forth to Arms,
'And to the Field of Honour, where our Foes,
'Tho' numerous, half vanquish'd by their Fears,
'Wait our Approach, and swift Destruction dread;
'Ours is the Day, they're doubly arm'd, who fight
'Shielded with Justice and a righteous Cause.

So saying, on he led in due Array,
Without Disturb or din, his Warlike Host,
(Form'd into *Phalanx* strong and serred Files
Redoubled, and refulgent with sharp Swords
Brandish'd in Air,) till near the Ground arriv'd,
Where Lowe's collected Bands embattl'd stood
Like Brazen Walls, by Nature and by Art
Impregnable and impenetrable elfe,

Had not our *Hero*, when the Pipes did ſound,
And diſſonating Drums beat the Alarm,
With more than human Courage ruſhed on,
Wedg'd thro' their Phalanx and their Order broke,
Nor gave them Time to fill again their Ranks:
Horſemen promiſcuous with their Horſes lay
Cruſh'd by their Fall, and in their deadly Wounds
Expire, rending with doleful Groans the Sky:
Swords, Guns, and Lances, ſtrow'd the bloody Plain,
Retarding in the Chace the *Conqu'ring Clans*.

Now Victory for MANLIUS declar'd,
Who, loth to ſhed a Drop of *Britiſh* Blood,
A Stop commands, and thus was heard to ſay:
'O Friends! in Arms and Valour try'd, forbear
'Further to urge your Conqueſt on your Foes;
'It is ſufficient that they vanquiſh'd are,
'And ſuppliant to *our Arms victorious* yield:
'Spare Countrymen! your Fellow-Subjects ſpare!
'I came not to deſtroy, but to ſubdue
'The ſtubborn, and by proffer'd Friendſhip gain
'And Clemency thoſe to become our Friends.'

As well train'd Bands, fearleſs pervading thro'
The thick ſett Files of a reſiſting *Corps*,
When ſonorous Trumpets ſound the loud Retreat,
Their rapid Courſe reſtrain, and to the Ground,
From which they ſtarted, hurry back again;
Thus the brave *Clans*, obedient to the Voice
Of MANLIUS triumphant on the Field,
Where Hundreds fell, ſtopt in their full Career,
And ſheath'd, reeking with gore, their dreadful Swords.
I might enumerate here the Victory
By MANLIUS obtain'd upon the Plain
Of *Falkirk*, and the dreadful Havock made
In *Falkon Lane*; where *Coeles*, with *Macphers—ns* brave,
The mighty ſhock of Thouſands did ſuſtain,
Or how brave *Lewis* at *Inverurie* Town
To falſe *Macleod* did give a dreadfull Rout,
Were theſe not Subjects trite to Fame well known.
But ſay, O Muſe! why Jove exalts the Brave
Conſpicuouſly plac'd on Fortune's Wheel,
To-day with Bays incircling his Brows,
To be To-morrow blaſted e'er mature,

And

And plunge the Hero in Misfortunes dire?
Was MANLIUS, by unrelenting Fate,
Destin'd to give Example to the World
Of Fortune's Whims, and Instability
Of sublunary Things? deluding Toys!
Worse than nocturnal Dreams, which sportively
Enthrone a Beggar and degrade a King:
Or deem'd a Pattern, in Adversity,
Of due Submission to the Will of Heav'n?
Does Lenity towards the Obdurate,
And Mercy, Heaven's peculiar Attribute,
To obstinate & persecuting Foes,
Deserve such Fate and dismal overthrow,
As MANLIUS experienc'd on the Muir
Rueful of *Cullod-n*? Where **Lanius**
Carnivorous, devouring cruel *Whelp*,
Glutted in Gore his execrable Soul!
A Name accurst! to Ages yet unborn
More detestable than the *Python* slain
By musical *Apollo*, baneful more
Than Basilisk, or any noxious Fiend

From *Saturn*'s adamantine Chains broke loose
Our Hemisphere to ravage unconfin'd,
And sow Destruction 'mong the Sons of Men.
Surely just Heav'n a plague will send
To blast, in full Career, the monstrous Wretch,
Who owes his Rise to nought but *Britain*'s fall,
And, unrelenting, view'd in Flames expire
Infants, and Mothers in their Pregnancy
Gor'd to the Heart, and left to Beasts of Prey
Unburied on the Strand——Inhuman Scene!
Unparalell'd by **Nero**'s Deeds of old.
Mourn *Caledonia*! see thy Virgins fair,
Erst of the Globe the Pride, by **Lanius**
Dishonour'd, and bereft of all resource,
By lawless Power forc'd to the hateful Bed
Of some libidinous Wretch, who, though imbru'd
But lately in her Mother's Blood, unzones
The helpless Nymph, as yet immers'd in Tears,
With Grief oppress'd! Barbarian hold——nor strive
The hapless Maid to lure into your Arms,

By

By which her Parents fond untimely fell
A Victim to the proud inſulting Foe.
Ah fatal Day! to *Albion* diſmal hour!
When MANLIUS, by Numbers overthrown,
Betray'd and ſpurn'd by Fate, ('gainſt which he ſtrove,
Till influen'd by ſome remaining Friends,)
Reluctantly forſook the ghaſtly Field,
Already ting'd with *Caledonian* Gore
Effus'd from loyal Veins, and cover'd o'er
With mutilated Corps of *Heroes* ſlain.
How harden'd the Wretch! who could from tears
Refrain, to ſee, clad like a menial Slave,
In low attire *Britannia*'s future King
A guidleſs fugitive, by drought of Day
Or Famine ſpent, ſtraying thro' loneſome Vales,
Sometimes extended on the moſſy Ground
Expos'd to noxious Airs, and coverleſs
Beneath inclement Skies, or dewy Damps
Of irkſome Night! ſtill by his bloody Foes
Inhumanly purſu'd, and oftimes lay
Hid in the rocky Clefts, and dark receſs
Or inmoſt cell of ſolitary Cave;

Dismal Retirement! once the Haunt of Thieves,
Or Den of Wolves, where Sol does never shine,
But dreary Night incessantly presides.
Yet Fortitude and Virtue did support
Young MANLIUS amidst Distresses great:
JEHOVAH, whom he rev'renc'd from his Youth,
Guided his Steps thro' Labyrinths of Woes,
Till he at length * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *.

FINIS.